THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH
RIVERSIDE DRIVE at 122ND STREET
NEW YORK 27, N.Y.

June 3, 1965

Dear Gene:

Since yesterday, I have been thinking much about one of your statements: "I believe that I could bring Virgil back to you, but I feel he must make the decision in his own mind and heart".

These questions rise in my mind:

1. If Virgil were your brother, could you or would you remain so detached, while he destroys himself?

2. If David, who is 23, were Wallace, could you or would you not consider his good, too? To my knowledge, only Dick Torrence has mentioned the fact that this is wrong for David, too.

3. Can Virgil, who seemingly has the mind of a child in almost all areas, his personal, his business, and his professional life, make a sane decision?

I know you are associated with the "Fellowship of Reconciliation". I ask myself what is the meaning of "fellowship" and "reconciliation". My dictionary defines the first as "comradeship; common interests", and the second as "the act of renewing friendship, of settling a quarrel or dispute, or of showing agreement or harmony between things seemingly different."

As for myself, you asked me: "What will you do?" I do not know! I have tried to say to myself, Virgil is dead, but this is a vain effort. With death there is regret and sorrow but peace eventually comes. I have no peace anywhere. When I am alone my mind is filled with Virgil and all the happy past; when I am with others I am a misery to them with my moaning. Numberless times I have considered suicide but I do not have the courage. You see, perhaps I am the sick one! All I seem to know at the moment is that God saw fit to bring our two lives together in "goodness" and that the present represents "evil" and I seem to be helpless to prevent the disaster that nearly everyone close to Virgil foresees.

As you told me yesterday, Virgil has also let me know that I am in his will. To me, this is an illustration of the entire matter. I could not balance my love for him with money or an inheritance due to death. I don't want any of his estate and hope he will awake to the falseness of his gesture, and perhaps you will tell him to remove me from this will. I invested my life in his life for 34 years and the return in interest was generally of a very high calibre. That life is no longer wanted, nor can the remainder be invested in any other way, so what do I do with it? I gave all I had and it wasn't enough.

As for you, Gene, I have made the same error I did before with Guthrie Speers and Jim McCracken. For 19 years, since first meeting you, I have thought of you as "God and Christ", surely one of man's greatest sins, caused by the need to believe in something or someone bigger and more perfect than himself. Yesterday, you told me I had my books, and travel, and others who love me. To paraphrase what Christ

said: "I asked for bread and you gave me a stone", but, then, the truth is always stiff medicine.

Thank you for your love and friendship for both of us all these years, and forgive me for the burden we have brought you.

Sincerely,

Dick